
Title: a worn notebook

Author: Aleph Aeirs

I know the cursed fiend
is responsible for this
horror. I can barely
move the quill across this
page, my grief is so
ragged. He will come, and
soon. When he does, I
will be ready.

I will have my vengeance.

ruined
ruinedruinedruinedruined

LIGHT TAKE ME
Azrielle is quite ill, her
grief over the loss-
I cannot continue, no
matter how I try, I
cannot bring myself to
write the words that will
name the tragedy that
has come to define my
every moment...

Azrielle calls to me.
*here are violent
scratches, blotting out
what appears to be a
list. a single word at the
top can barely be read*
SAGES LEFT
She runs a fever,
speaking in fervent pleas
and terse demands. She
seeks to protect me,
begging that I hide
myself while I still can.

Over and over she
screamed..
"It comes, it seeks you!"
"Death is coming for you
my love!"

what follows is scrawl
daddydaddydaddydaddy
come out and play.

She is beyond comfort, I
am left to pace, stopping
to lay a cool cloth on
her brow and whisper my
sincerest apologies.

This morning I lay by her
side, watching her fitful
rest. She was mumbling,
jerking her head, eyes
rolled wildly behind tight
lids.

How could I have brought
this down upon my house?
How could I have done
this to her?

Did I truly believe, even
for a moment, that I was
able enough to protect
my dearest when they
needed me most?

Dear sweet Azrielle- I
have failed you, and for
my folly you
suffer,

This madness is a wound
upon my heart that I
cannot carry, would that
it offered swift release
from this mockery of a
life.

Once respect, I am but a
mockery of all that I
stood for. Oh how I
wish to call on the
counsel of my dear
friends- but I dare not!

I cannot rely on the
assistance of others,
else my cursed taint
would spread anew, more
death and destruction
lying hidden in my
requests for help.

I am a plague to all that
I hold dear.
I cannot risk the injury

and suffering of others,
not when it is more than
I can endure watching
Azrielle, knowing I am to
blame.
Her sanity, too costly a
price-

It is not supposed to be
this way! How can this
be my life? How can
this be the end of all
things, when I had such a
different vision of world
my work would bring?

I have planted a wretched
seed, and from it springs
the rot of fetid fruit,
food for the maggots,
unfit for even worms.

My Light, my Love- I am
so very, very sorry.

CHARLATAGNE
LIGHTBRINGER

In the middle of the
night, Azrielle clutched my
arm with enough force to
wake me. I do not even
recall having closed my
eyes. Even when the
horrors that taunt the
imagination of my waking
hours became more vivid
and absurd...
my dreams serve as
fertile landscape for
shame and self
loathing.

But when I awoke last
night, it was to Azrielle's
iron-clad grip upon my
arm. Her eyes were
open, and she stared at
me with an intensity and
focus I had not
known from her